GargOyle

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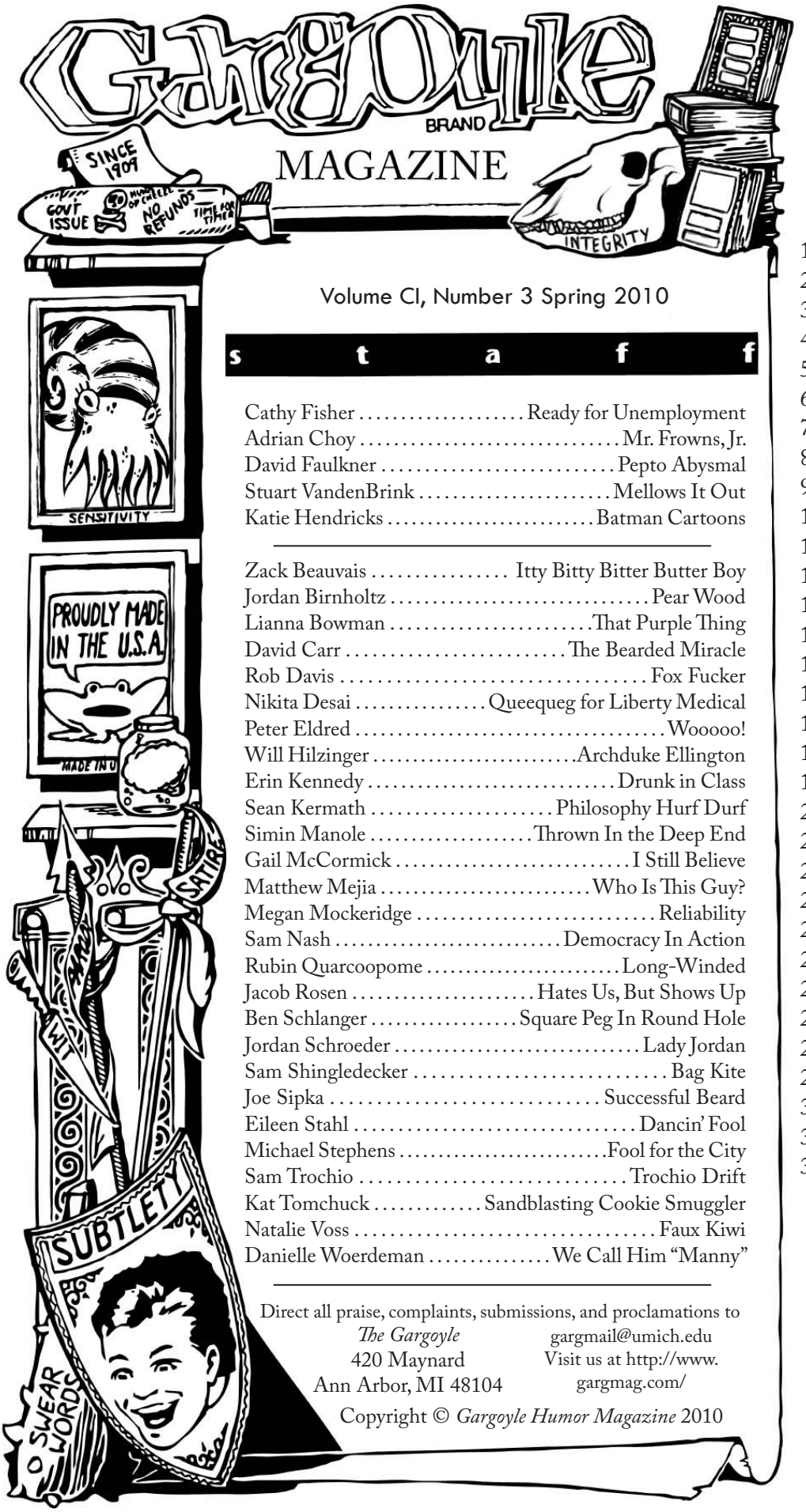

Volume CI, Number 3 Spring 2010

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Philosophy

By Cathy

To assuage your fears, before you start hounding me with panicked questions, no, the *Gargoyle* is not dead. In fact, the *Gargoyle*'s doing pretty fantastically, considering the sort of dire straits that the country as a whole is in these days.

"How is this, Cathy," you ask, "When the last time I saw someone pick up a *Gargoyle*, they immediately blew their nose into it?"

In short, advertising.

You might notice as you peruse this fine publication that it contains OVER FOUR ADS. Yes, you read that right. Who do we at the *Gargoyle* have to thank for this surge of advertisement and cash? Is it our hardworking business staff and organized business manager?

NO, IT IS ME, CATHY T. W. FISHER, JR. Because of my editorial genius, the *Gargoyle* has managed to keep its head above water for the past two years. IT WAS SOLELY ME WHO ACCOMPLISHED THIS.

Some people think it might be the excellent motivational ability of my colleague Zack Beauvais, who truly knows how to take a writing exercise to "The Danger Zone." INCORRECT. Some posit that it's the manic energy and wild creativity of art director Adrian Choy. FALSE. Others still believe it to be business manager David Faulkner who keeps the magazine classy, serious, and on track. UNTRUE. And a small group even believes that Erin Kennedy, our fastidious and elusive copy editor, is responsible. THAT IS RIDICULOUS; WHAT WOULD A COPT EDITER HVAE TO DO WIT ANYTHNg

If you'll permit me to jump ahead of you, it wasn't our prolific writing staff or our dedicated and talented art staff, either. These deranged, possibly dangerous lunatics have had VIRTUALLY NO EFFECT WHATSOEVER on the magazine.

But because of the reasons enumerated above, you should start getting a little worried for the magazine's future. That's because, sadly, this is my final issue. Yes, despite my petitions, the university will be forcing me to graduate this semester and move on to the big wide world of adulthood. I will not weep for the *Gargoyle*, though, because I know that no matter what happens, at least the issues made during my tenure as editor were fantastic.

What, then, is there to say to a readership that has so kindly refrained from communicating with me in any way during my time here?

No, seriously, what is there to say? I have no idea who you guys are. Maybe I'll just cover all my bases.

To douchebag fratmonkeys: I don't like you. I have tried my darndest to avoid talking to or making eye contact with you for four years. Let's not get all sappy. Go have a beer and forget about all this.

To anyone who wears North Face fleeces or Ugg boots: I don't care if you're a great person who works at a soup kitchen every weekend and makes pants for orphans. I have already made my judgment on you the moment I see you scuffing down the sidewalk. If you're a shallow ditz, you probably never read this magazine, and if you're an orphan-tailoring saint, you probably didn't either. So there's no point in saying goodbye.

To hipster Ambrosiaites: God help me, I can't help but love your spindly alt legs and your superior cultural understanding. You probably actually pick up this magazine, at least. For that, I thank you. (FYI, that was not meant to be sarcastic. I know it can be confusing sometimes.)

To the international student community: CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME? LET ME TRY TO SAY SOMETHING IN YOUR LANGUAGE—CHING CHONG WING WONG!

There are probably other groups I should address, but I'm getting tired. My hands have typed what seems like hundreds of Philosophies (or, you know, seven), and now they grow weary as this issue draws towards completion.

I love you, *Gargoyle*, and I'll miss you. You're welcome for all the time, energy, wit, and raw sex appeal I've put into you over the years. Alas, now I must move on, as does every editor, and leave another to spend long, dull hours attempting to fill this page.

Godspeed, Mr. Faulkner.

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The *Gargoyle*
420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the Interwebnet at:
http://www.gargmag.com/

Dear Gargoyle,

Please stop polluting my citizens with your incessant, provocative garbage and sultry songs of freedom and rebellion.

Sincerely,
THE MAN

Dear Mr. Man,

I just peed on the toilet seat. Seven times. Suck it.

-Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

This is your official 2010 Census form. We need your help to count everyone in the United States by providing basic information about all the people living in this house or apartment. Please complete and mail back the enclosed census form today.

Please bear in mind that your response is required by law. Failure to complete and submit the following form is considered a federal offense, punishable by 10 years imprisonment and up to $500,000 in fines.

-The 2010 Census Bureau

Dear Census Bureau,

As of April 1st, 2010, our household contains 173 Latinos and an Eskimo, each named Chauncey and all born on September 19th, 1976. Their phone number is 894-776-3985. Please let us know of any other ways in which we may dutifully serve our country.

God save the Queen,
Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

I have a confession to make. I've loved you from afar for many a year. Would you please be mine?

You see, the way your pages rustle sets my hear a-flutter, and I simply could not stand my life without you in my butter...life. I mean, my life. Also, if these words don't soften your heart to me, I will kidnap David Faulkner and hold him for ransom.

If you still don't love me, I will then force him to eat only cabbage and leftovers and will leave him in the middle of Kentucky, to his own devices. So I suggest you just accept my declaration of love and be mine...FOREVER!

Yours eternally,
Your Favorite Stalker
I mean, Lover...yeah.

Dear Stalker,

Oh, you stallion! Take me! Take me now!

-Honey Bunches McGargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

We have received your query. This is a response to said query. We thank you for your query.

Yours in combat,
The Michigan Daily

Dear Michigan Daily,

All we asked is that you turn down the adult contemporary rock during business hours. You've had "The Locomotion" on repeat since last Wednesday (although we do love the Barry Manilow).

-Gargoyle

Ann Arbor Cultural Calendar

for April 1-June 30

Events in **bold** are *Gargoyle*-recommended.

April

1 The California Guitar Trio (The Ark)
One.be.lo (The Blind Pig)
Chili Challis (A2 Comedy Showcase)

2 My Dear Disco (The Michigan League)

3 The RFD Boys (The Ark)
The Macpodz (The Blind Pig)
Cheech & Chong: Get it Legal (Michigan Theater)
The Apex Predator (The Elbow Room)

5 **Japandroids (The Blind Pig)**
Avenue Q (The Michigan Theater)

6 Leon Redbone (The Ark)

7 The Low Anthem (The Ark)
The Bivbergs (The Blind Pig)
Broken Social Scene (Michigan Theater)
Schleswig-Holstein Festival Orchestra (UMS)

8 Mission of Burma (The Blind Pig)
Danilo Perez: 21st Century Dizzy (UMS)
Moshe Kasher (A2 Comedy Showcase)

9 Mason Jennings (The Ark)
Groove Spoon (The Blind Pig)
The Juliets (The Elbow Room)

10 Boombox (The Blind Pig)
Baaba Maal with NOMO (UMS)
Drunken Barn Dance (The Elbow Room)
Mr. B's Piano Celebration with Bob Seeley (The Ark)

12 Michigan Chamber Plays (UMS)

14 **David Sedaris (Michigan Theater)**

15 Brian VanderArk (The Ark)
Dr. Dog (The Blind Pig)
Gargy Gulman (A2 Comedy Showcase)

16 Theo Katzman (The Blind Pig)
University Philharmonia Orchestra (Hill)
Stephen Lynch (The Michigan Theater)

17 Hoots and Hellmouth (The Ark)
The Bang! (The Blind Pig)

19 University Symphony Orchestra (Hill Auditorium)

20 E. C. Scott (The Ark)

21 Martin Sexton (The Ark)
Err... (The Blind Pig)

22 **Against Me! (The Blind Pig)**
Hubbard Street Dance Chicago (UMS)
Tom Foss (A2 Comedy Showcase)

23 **The Antlers (The Blind Pig)**

24 Carbon Leaf (The Blind Pig)

25 The Infamous Stringdusters (The Ark)
"The Rest is Noise" in Performance (UMS)

27 Eoto (The Blind Pig)

27 Mark Knopfler (The Michigan Theater)

28 Eliza Gilkyson (The Ark)
Ink Blot (The Blind Pig)

29 Jef Brannan (A2 Comedy Showcase)

30 Down the Line (The Ark)

May

1 Lucciana Costa (The Ark)
Ghost Lady (The Elbow Room)
Frontier Ruckus (The Blind Pig)

3 Starbrand (the Blind Pig)

5 Kaki King (The Ark)

6 Dave Mason & Leon Russell (Michigan Theater)
For Pete's Sake: A Pete Seeger B-Day Tribute (Ark)

8 John McCutcheon (The Ark)

9 National Theatre Live "The Habit of Art" (UMS)

10 The Holmes Brothers (The Ark)
Local Natives (The Blind Pig)

11 Nathaniel Philbrick (Borders)
Colin Hayes (The Ark)

12 **Goo Goo Dolls (The Michigan Theater)**

14 Local H (The Blind Pig)

15 Josh White Jr. (The Ark)
Breakin' Curfew 2010 (UMS)

19 Crash Test Dummies (The Ark)
Greg Laswell (The Blind Pig)

20 Blaze Ya Dead Homie (The Blind Pig)

22 Signal Path (The Blind Pig)
Eilen Jewell (The Ark)

28 Boyce Avenue (The Blind Pig)

29 The Bang! (The Blind Pig)
Gaelic Storm (The Ark)

Jewne

1 Mississippi Heat (The Ark)

5 Christine Lavin (The Ark)

10 Sweetback Sisters and Orpheum Bell (The Ark)

11 Great Lake Swimmers (The Ark)

13 Claudia Schmidt & Her Funtet (The Ark)

15 Twesigye Jackson Kaguri (Borders)

24 Robinella (The Ark)

29 James Hunter (The Ark)

A *Gargoyle* Guide To Defenestration

by Will Hillzinger

Defenestration: The throwing of a person or thing out of a window.

Re-fenestration: The throwing of a person or thing back into that same window.

Double-fenestration: The throwing of a person or thing out one window, into another (think: inner-city alleyways or crowded subdivision).

Defene-staight-tion: The throwing of a person or thing though a window. No homo.

Double D-fenestration: The throwing of a Hooters waitress out of a window.

Mr. T-fenestration: The throwin' of a foo' or clown-ass out a winduh.

Tenacious Defenestration: Throwing Jack Black out of a window while he sings about demons and butt-sex.

Defene-menstruation: The throwing of a person or thing out of a window every 28 days. If you haven't been thrown out a window for a month or two, you're either boring or pregnant. Or both!

De-whinderrnizin': The throwing of a person or hillbilly out of a window. In the case of hillbilly, don't throw them too close to their guns (i.e. the ones in the pickup truck, taped under a chair, on top of the moonshine still… actually just don't fuck with hillbillies).

Defene-masturbation: Doin' it out a window. Points for each sidewalk preacher you hit (double points for the ladies).

Defene-castration: Being slung by ones' testicles out though a window. Your balls may or may not be following behind.

Defense-estration: The attempted throwing of a linebacker though a window. Usually results in defene-castration.

Suicide: The throwing of a person or thing through the bottom of a glass-bottomed boat.

Double-Mr T-re-defense-a-menstruation: The throwing of a mid-menstrual linebacker by his nuts out of one window and into the home of an 80's TV star. (Drawing)

De-faith-estration: Throwing a rabbi, priest, or cardinal through a stained-glass window.

Demonestration: Teaching someone how to throw a person or thing out of a window

De-Big-Tenestration: Throwing all of Michigan's shitty sports teams out of a window. Sorry, Ping-Pong Club. (NOT sorry, football, basketball, hockey and backgammoners).

Defenetra-son: Giving birth in a position such that your newborn (male) child is launched though a window. Caution: depending on how elastic the umbilical cord is, the child may get launched back inside you on the rebound. Be prepared with a quick hand and a catcher's mitt.

De-fishbowl-stration: Throwing a person or LS&A student forcefully into their beloved computer lair. Also counts if you accidentally knock the person or thing you're making out with on top on Angell Hall though the skylight into the fishbowl. Note that the victim will not be rushed to the hospital, because no one will want to give up their computer.

De-cheme-stration: Throwing a person or thing up through the top of the Chem Building atrium. Provided you're a straight shot, a trampoline placed beneath the launching point should result in an infinite de/refenestration process, thus providing the only interesting thing chem majors will see all year.

De-pretente-stration: Throwing a thing or B-school student through that little triangular window-thing that looks down into their private gym. Trim and fit bastards.

Deastquad-estration: Throwing an RC kid through a window. Don't worry – they'll likely use the broken glass for many a "creative" project, potentially constructing a giant glass puppet or a new bong that "the MAN didn't get 6% sales tax on."

Obama's Commencement Speech

Most Awesome President Ever (MAPE): Hello University of Michigan students.

Wait twenty minutes for the crowd to stop cheering. Don't smile, it will only excite them.

MAPE: Today, I come to you not as a president, but as a student, a citizen of these United States, a man. And do you know why I came here today? Of course you don't. But I do, because I'm Barack Obama. Michigan is one of the oldest states in the union. And this university, well it's in that state. That means this university is the backbone of this country. Need I remind you that I am Barack Obama? Don't be intimidated by me, please. I am a mere mortal, like all of you. Although I did singlehandedly really hope that we could pull out of the Middle East and establish health care, I am just a man. And you, you are the future. Like you, Jimmy D.

Point ambiguously towards the back.

MAPE: Growing up in the projects of Detroit, supporting eight brothers and sisters. I applaud you.

Clap to yourself. Point randomly again.

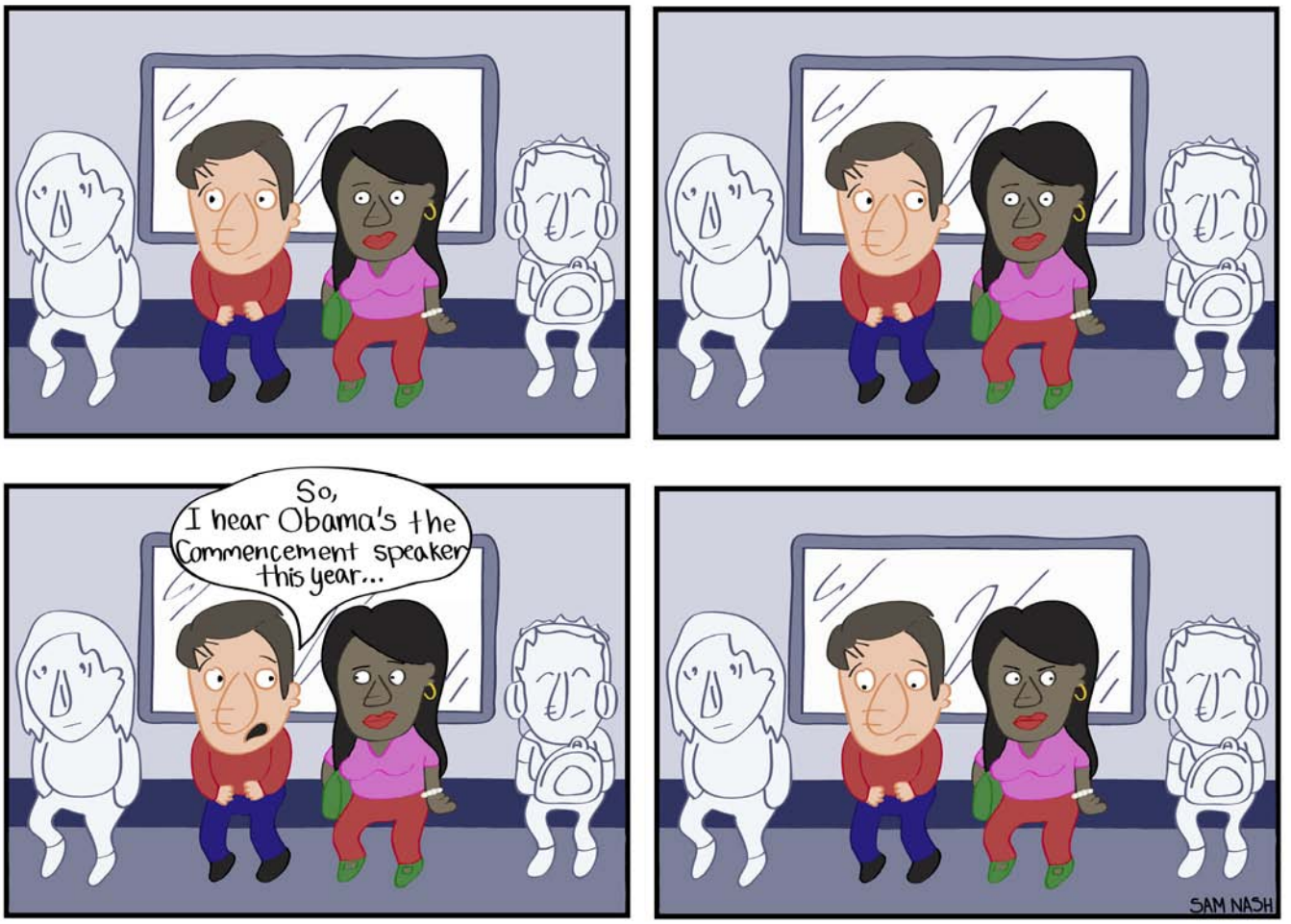
MAPE: And you, Chrissy. I know how hard it's been lately with your mother's passing. But you are the American dream. And Jimmy D, you're the American dream. All of you are the American dream. Who says tuition prices are too high? It seems like there are a lot of people here. Right? Am I right?

But we aren't out of the woods yet. As you may already know, our economy is about as screwed as Glenn Beck on Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard. The lower classes are suffering and I receive hundreds of letter every day asking me for help. I have decided to reach out to Middle America by halting all domestic spending for three years, except of course the military. This will be beneficial for many, many reasons. So many in fact, I can't discuss any of them right now.

And that leads me into the next issue I wanted to address, transparency. The American people have been getting fed up with the secrecy and bureaucracy of their government. So in response, I want to inform you that you have nothing to worry about. If you suspect that my administration is withholding information, you're probably just imagining things. Lost is a pretty great show, what do you think is going to happen to Sawyer? He's my favorite character.

Finally, I'd like to address any critics that may be in the crowd. All of you are wrong. For those that think I'm too liberal, you should agree with me because you're wrong and I'm right. And for those that think I'm too conservative, you're wrong as well. I'm a Democrat, it's impossible to be both conservative and a Democrat. You would know that if you went to Colombia and Harvard like me. Unfortunately, this is not an Ivy. But it's close. Which is why I'm here.

Students of the University of Michigan. You truly are the leaders and the best. I stand humbled before you today. And before I go, I want to say the most important thing that students can hear at this point in there lives. Something that can't be said enough. Something that is essential in order for you to blossom into successful human beings. Let's go blue!

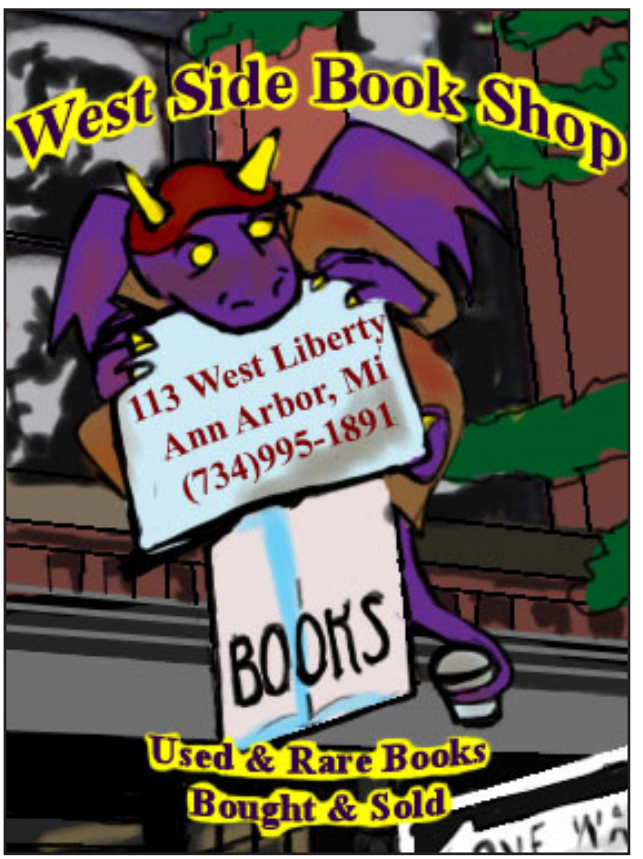


Having fun yet?

If you're desperate for more *Garg*, more of the time, check out our website at

http://www.gargmag.com/

Hit up our online store for t-shirts, prints, stickers, subscriptions, and more!



The A-Team

Michael Stephens

In 1972, a crack commando unit was sent to prison by a military court for a crime they didn't commit - the poisoning and murder of ten college students. These men promptly escaped from a maximum security stockade to the Los Angeles underground. Today, an influential group of soda pop lobbyists threatens to reinstate Prohibition. With the government unable to act against the lobbyists, those disgraced soldiers have reappeared to defend their country and the values it stands for. Their names are Colonel Samuel "Hannibal" Adams, Master Sergeant Bosco "B. A." Cardi, Captain "Howling Mad" Morgan, and First Lieutenant Bud "Faceman" Weiser, who is a Clydesdale. They are... the A-Team. And the A stands for alcohol.

On today's episode, the lobbyists have captured two key players in the fight against Prohibition - The Most Interesting Man in the World and the Jamaican-American lager aficionado Red Stripe—and are holding them captive at the Coca-Cola Company in Atlanta, Georgia. Hired by a beer enthusiast named St. Pauli, the A-Team has been called in to break the prisoners out...

"All right, men. We got some money and some beer from our female client, we broke Morgan out of the psychiatric hospital, and Faceman swindled a plane and weapons for us with his incredible charm and cunning mastery of cons and scams. What comes next?" Hannibal paced back and forth before his comrades, chugging a bottle of beer with his face on it.

"We get drunk, sucka!" B. A. suggested.

"No!" Hannibal shouted, breaking his empty bottle upon B. A.'s head. "We fly to Georgia and save those men."

"I ain't gettin' on no plane!" B. A. proclaimed indignantly.

"Yes, let's get drunk! Rum for everyone!" Morgan agreed, "Hannibal, is there a little captain in you?"

"You're no help!" Hannibal belligerently punched his mentally unstable friend in the face, "What about you, Faceman?"

Faceman stared vacantly at a wall and chewed on the bale of hay Morgan was sitting on.

"Ooh, he's so dreamy," St. Pauli swooned.

"Fine, B. A. Have it your way. Let's just get drunk," Hannibal conceded.

And so they did. After a drinking session rivaled only by those of lifetime alcoholics and college freshmen, B. A. was thrown into a drunken stupor. He mumbled something about pitying fools, flailed his arms around like one of the very fools he pitied, and slipped peacefully into unconsciousness. Upon noticing this, Morgan slurred something so poorly that the only audible words were "captain" and "you." As Hannibal hefted B. A. onto a forklift they'd constructed from shot glasses and parts of a Barbie Dream House, he noticed that St. Pauli was seductively removing her clothing in front of Faceman.

"Dammit, St. Pauli!" Hannibal shouted with conviction, "I know he's unfathomably charming and attractive, but keep your pants on! We have work to do!"

"Can't Faceman stay here with me?" St. Pauli pouted with puppy dog eyes.

"No! We need him! Now come on! Morgan, can you fly?"

In response, Morgan hiccuped several times, lifted one leg up onto an inexplicably present barrel, and repeated his slurred catchphrase.

One fade-to-black later, the plane was descending upon the Coca-Cola world headquarters in Atlanta.

"Morgan!" Hannibal shouted, "I want you to fly the plane right into the building! I'm too buzzed to drive, and I don't want to pay for a taxi, so let's just fly the plane right into the place. Okay?"

"Is there a little captain in you?!" Morgan replied with maniacal fervor.

"But that's suicide!" A half-naked St. Pauli exclaimed as she tried to mount Faceman. In response, Hannibal vomited in St. Pauli's hair. Faceman neighed approvingly.

"Is there a little captain in you?" Morgan called back from the cockpit.

"You heard him, men! Prepare for landing!"

The plane crashed into the building, producing multiple explosions in which no one was even slightly injured. After exiting the plane, they found themselves surrounded on all sides by the greatest security force a questionably monopolistic multinational corporation could buy. Red Stripe and The Most Interesting Man in the World stood behind iron bars playing beer pong with cups full of completely alcohol-free Coca-Cola.

"They're torturing them!" St. Pauli

exclaimed in horror.

"This is no problem for me," The Most Interesting Man in the World boasted, "I can turn water into wine, and cola into beer. But I choose not to, because I don't like to show off."

"Boo inexplicably messianic adversaries. Hooray beer!" His opponent retorted.

"Set them free!" Hannibal demanded with a hiccup.

"Give up, you damn drunkards!" The CEO of Coca-Cola exclaimed as he did a line of cocaine off a vending machine, "We have you surrounded! You'll never stop us from reinstating Prohibition! And with alcohol banned, everyone will realize the joys of cocaine, like I have!"

All of Coca-Cola's top executives promptly pulled Uzis out of their suits and opened fire on the team. None of the bullets hit their targets, but one ricocheted off a neon picture of a polar bear and hit a young Columbian boy who was in all likelihood an escaped sweatshop laborer.

"Boo drug-addled soft drink executives with terrible marksmanship! Hooray beer!" Red Stripe taunted. Meanwhile, Faceman trotted over to the cell guards and stared at them with a vacant expression. Faced with his incredible guile and cunning, the guards had no choice but to promptly hand over their keys, which Hannibal used to unlock the cell.

"It's over now," Hannibal announced triumphantly, "The Most Interesting Man in the World can call a herd of elephants by whistling the theme song to *Ghostbusters*."

He did just that, and elephants stampeded in, destroying much of the building. The man who had summoned them pulled a tire iron out of his back pocket and began chasing the executives that had not been killed by the stampede.

"I don't always kill lobbyists, but when I do, I prefer to do it with a tire iron. Stay dead, my friends."

A recently reawakened B. A. joined him, punching out executives with the strength of a professional wrestler.

"Looks like alcohol will be legal another day thanks to the A-Team." Hannibal said as he lit an oversized cigar and took a long, overly dramatic drag from it.

"You guys didn't do shit," St. Pauli pointed out, "The Most Interesting Man in the World pretty much singlehandedly killed all of them. But I'm still going to pay you, because that dashing Faceman has utterly captivated me." She rubbed up against Faceman more sensually than ever before. Faceman whinnied in fear and discomfort.

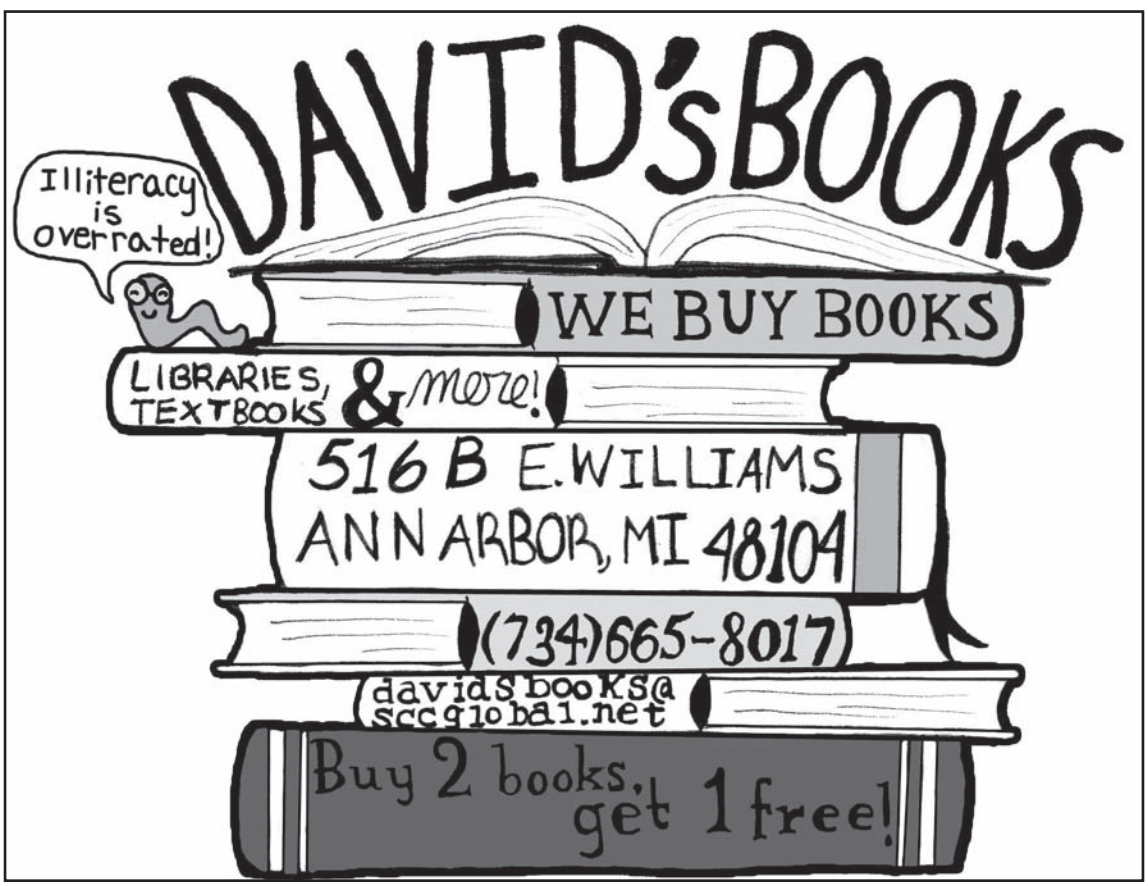
"All right, gang. Time to go back. Morgan, the plane's missing a wing and most of the engine, can you fly it?"

"Is there a little captain in you?"

"I ain't gettin' on no plane!" B. A. exclaimed adamantly.

"Sure you will, B. A. We'll knock you unconscious and somehow manage to escape just before the general who's been looking for us for almost forty years can get here to capture us. Just like we do every week."

"Boo repetitive, unrealistic, episodic plot structure," Red Stripe said with his never-changing smile, "Hooray beer!"



Sunday Dinner

By Peter Eldred

I'm the black sheep in my family.

It's because I can't cut vegetables fast enough in a moving car. My onions are never finely chopped enough, my garlic rarely minced with precision. It's fucking hard when you're in the backseat going sixty down a winding country road. If Dad would just slow down, maybe he'd be proud of me. I dice just fine on the highway. But Dad always wants to take the scenic route.

It's a family tradition that every Sunday afternoon, after church and grocery shopping, we cook dinner as a family on the car ride home. Where we shop depends on how long the meal will take to prepare. Our rule is it's got to be ready and warm when we pull in the drive, or we have to watch Tyler Perry movies together for the rest of the night. Dad watches them, regardless.

Dad once told me that Madea would be the only thing holding this family together if I couldn't learn to slice a damn tomato properly.

I'm working on it, Dad.

Right then I was working on dicing an onion.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Dad shouted, "Sarah, is the pork marinated? Oh, God, Lawry's? Have I taught you nothing about seasoning meat? Just give it to your mother, she's minding the range."

"I like Lawry's," I protested.

"Your palate is young and naïve and sensually dead," he snapped, "are the onions diced?"

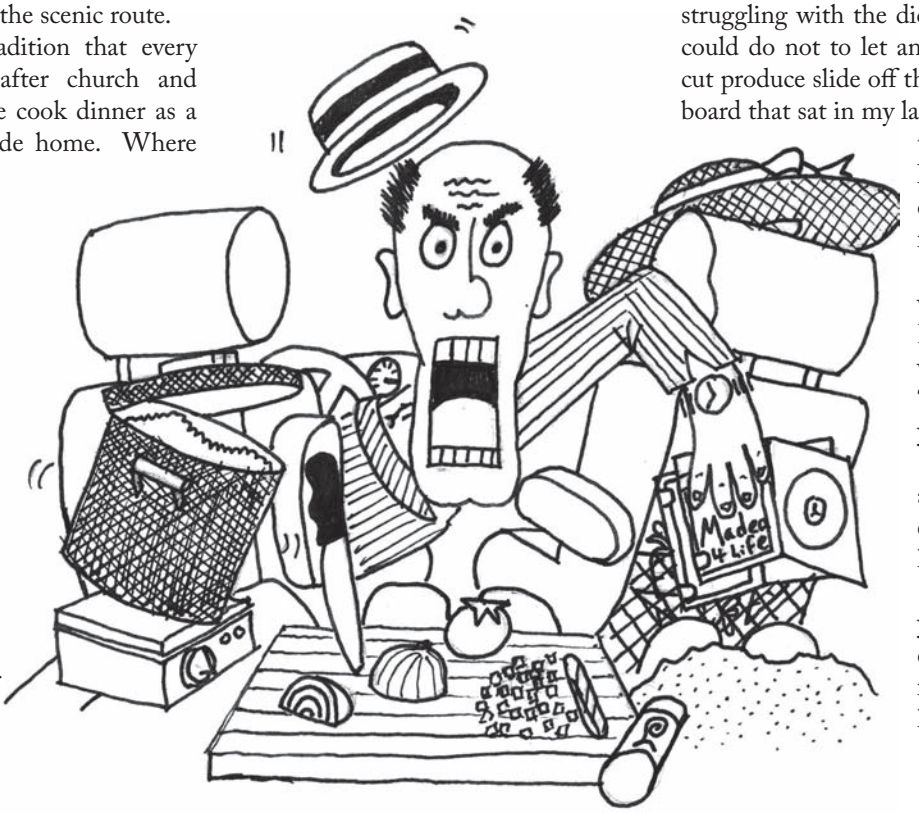
"Not yet."

"Do you remember what I told you about Madea?"

"Yes, father. *Diary of a Mad Black Woman* is the only movie to make you cry," I repeated diligently, as I had so many times in the past.

"And don't you forget it. Now why do I like onions?"

"Because when you smell onions you tear up, and when you tear up you're reminded of the first time you watched that film."



"That's my boy! Now finish those onions. Hurry! We only have fifteen miles 'til home and there's still rice to be boiled. How's the pork?"

"I only just started sautéing it," mother said patiently.

Father checked his watch. Then checked the car clock. Then checked his watch again. "Alright, we should have enough time, then. Philip! Is the water boiling?"

My seven-year-old brother sat stoically with a hotplate and pot of water balancing precariously on his knees in the seat between me and my sister. "Just about," he said.

"Great!" he exclaimed, then checked his watch again. After this he pulled his cell phone out of his pocket to verify the time once more. "Throw in the rice!"

My brother poured in the sack of rice, paying attention not to let the boiling water rise any closer than an inch to the edge of the pot. Meanwhile, I was struggling with the dicing. It was all I could do not to let any of my already-cut produce slide off the narrow cutting board that sat in my lap. This knife was too big. And I think it was originally meant for skinning fish.

"We're just waiting on you, Eric," Dad said with significance, "How much do you have left?"

"Uhh… I'm about halfway done," I said hopefully.

"Sarah, do you think you could take over for your brother?" he asked.

"Sure thing."

Oh shit!

The car came to a halt on the side of the road.

"Get out, son."

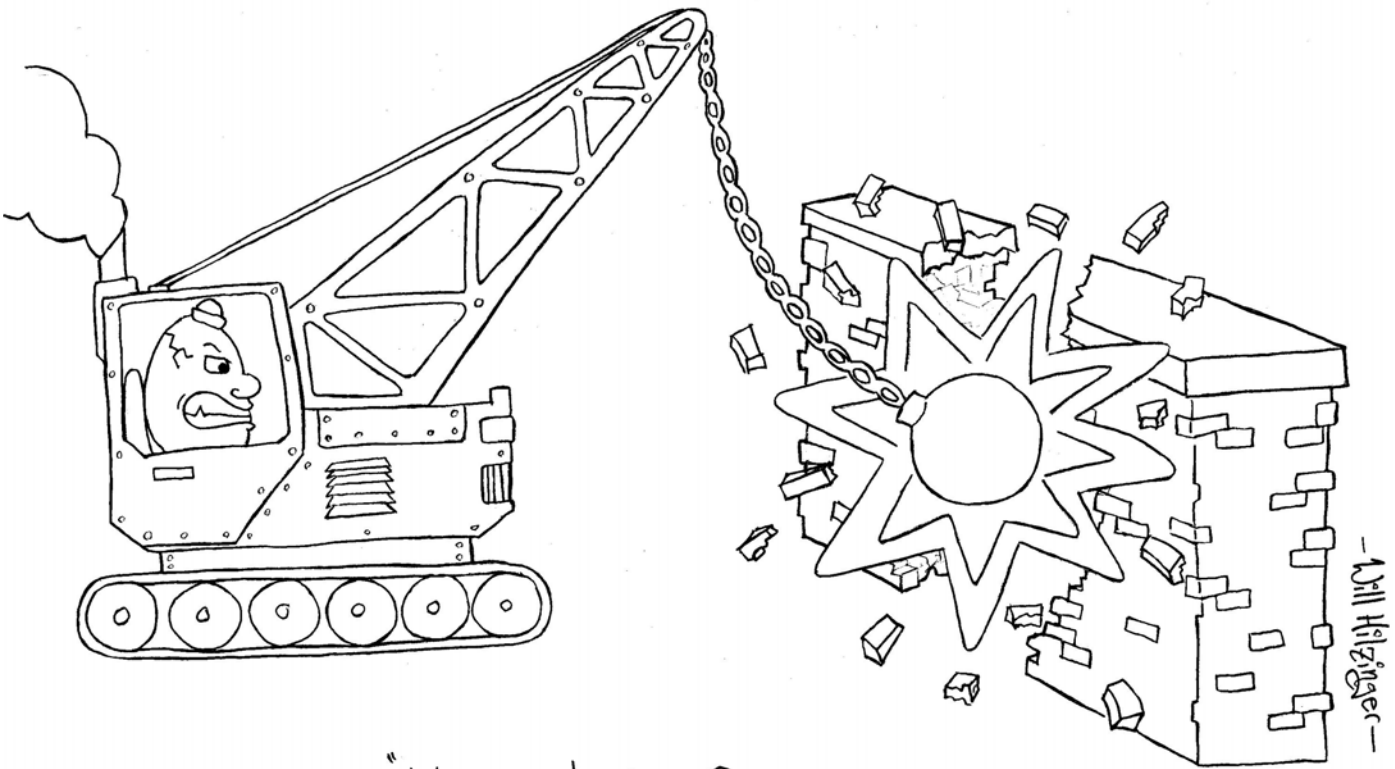
"Yes, father," I said.

"You know I don't like to be hard on you like this, son, but we're a family, and you have to pull your weight. I'll see you back at the house for Tyler. Tonight is *Daddy's Little Girls* and *The Family That Preys*."

"Yes, father."

And with that, they drove away. And I started to walk.

My family fucking blows.



"Humpty's Revenge"

Absofacto

A Sweet Dirt Bike Adventure

By Cathy Fisher

Jonathan Visger has been a fixture of Ann Arbor's music landscape (like the mighty elm) for years now as the lead singer and songwriter for Mason Proper. Recently, he's been releasing a steady stream of solo work under the alias Absofacto, using a pay-whatever-you-want system. His music straddles the line between pop listenability and indie/experimental/electronic/noisy eclecticism, with a poetic lyrical sensibility that runs the gamut from tragic to absurd.

We talked in the back of Café Ambrosia, directly beneath a speaker which was playing what seemed to be a best-of collection of Jimi Hendrix guitar solos. This lent the conversation an epic tone that may not come through in this write-up. So instead of imagining it happening in Ambrosia, imagine it happened while we were doing sick tricks on dirt bikes. Really. In fact, that's how I remember it.

CF: I'm not gonna do the bad questions that other people suggested to me.

JV: What were the bad questions, just out of curiosity?

CF: "Do you have any nicknames?"

JV: Yeah, that's a bad question.

CF: Is there always a hope that someone's going to pay some outrageous sum of money for one of your songs?

JV: Oh yes! To make up for the majority of people, who don't pay. One time I flipped out because someone paid $50 for a song, but then it turned out she typed the decimal in the wrong place, so I ended up refunding all of it.

CF: If someone did pay a huge amount of money, what would you do first with the profits?

JV: Well, that's a kind of funny question, because I'm not really at the break-even point yet, so it would be to pay myself back, you know? But, uh… buy a better guitar. That would be the first thing. I bought the cheapest one I could find.

CF: Which song is your favorite?

JV: I'm most proud of "No Power." It's all been downhill from there.

CF: So what are advantages or challenges of working by yourself versus working with a group of people?

JV: Well, not having anyone to bounce things off of, you can't tell when you've gone off the deep end. Every song I work on, there's a point where I feel like I'm just barking up the wrong tree entirely. And I don't think that'll ever change. I've started to set up a small network of people close to me, though, whose feedback I trust. I'm trying to build that, so it's not just me in a vacuum, making music no one's going to understand or care about.

CF: Relatedly, if you could collaborate with anyone, who would it be?

JV: Right now, I'm pretty obsessed with Flying Lotus. He's kind of an instrumental hip-hop artist. I just don't have any concept of how he does what he does. It's just all on his laptop, but it's so full of life. I would just love to be a fly on the wall, even, while he was making something.

CF: You tend to just hear success stories about people who self-distribute online. How do they compare with the experience of being a struggling artist distributing stuff online?

JV: You know, I've been living a certain way for so long that I don't even notice any sort of downside to it. It feels really good to know that if and when something good happens, that I'll benefit very fully from it. And that even small positive things mean a lot more. Literally the only thing that gets taken out

is Paypal fees when someone buys some stuff. So the same goes for if I ever get a TV placement or something like that. It would mean a lot of change.

CF: You've said that Mason Proper is working on a new album. Are there any secrets you can tell us about that?

JV: All I can say is that when it gets done—it's taking a long time, but when it gets done—it's gonna be good, because we *are* taking our time.

CF: Would you say it's different than other stuff you've done?

JV: It won't be as big a departure as it was from *There's a Moth in Your Chest* to *Olly Oxen Free*. It'll be more like *Olly Oxen Free*. We're just filling in the cracks a little bit more, trying to find a middle ground between the over-density of our first album and the extreme sparseness, sometimes, of the second one.

CF: Is it different with Matt [Thompson, keyboardist] sort of out in the West?

JV: It's different every time no matter what. It's definitely different with him far, far away.

CF: I've read before that your Absofacto stuff is just songs that you wrote for Mason Proper that for one reason or another didn't get made as Mason Proper.…

JV: Not always. Some of them are, some of them aren't. That last EP that I put out, [*Tagalong*], that was all songs that were written for Mason Proper that never got done for different reasons. But all of the singles I've released have been written from scratch.

CF: Do you think they're different in the way they sound than Mason Proper?

JV: They're a little more scattershot, I guess. They're not that different all the time. It's not way, way out there. But I make some choices that we probably wouldn't make with Mason Proper. Like, we probably wouldn't do one with as many synths as the one I'm about to release, or we wouldn't know how to do "The Breath and the Bell" live, really. That would be challenging. And especially with the ones I do on my own, I do a lot more layering of my voice and doing all these harmonies that as a band, we couldn't do. I just go all out with harmonies and layering.

CF: Just because you can't perform them live…?

JV: With the band I like to keep it in the ballpark of what we could possibly recreate live. And also with the band, I'm trying to do more of a cohesive mood. We didn't do that with *Moth*, but with *Olly Oxen Free* and the new album, consistency is more of a consideration. So it's more self-indulgent, I guess, when I do it on my own. But it's not so far off. "Gnat Years," with some changes, could have been a Mason Proper-type thing.

And it's still the same guy making them, you know, at the end of the day. It's like, guy plus friends or guy without friends. I try to play to the taste of my bandmates when I write. If music is too happy or something, [Zac, MP bassist] doesn't really go for it, so I try not to bring songs that are really chipper to Mason Proper. I keep it neutral to dark. Trying to go more neutral this time. To me, they're different. And I know that the process is completely different, too.

CF: Considering that most people in our demographic are moving out of Michigan, does that affect the indie music scene at all?

JV: It probably does. But at the same time, the more bleak and the more boring things get, the more people want to do things like start bands and have fun shows. Every week, I hear about a new band, just right in our city, that I haven't heard of before. So, it's never-ending, especially with multiple colleges right here. That's not going anywhere.

Jonathan's music can be listened to, considered, and then dowloaded for free or purchased (hopefully) for a large sum of money at music.absofacto.com. He recently released a fantastic new single called "Synthesocietal" which I would encourage you to buy.

For more of this interview, hit us up at www.gargmag.com.

SAM NASH
でたらめ 週間!!!
CELLU-FRIGHT!
Why HK needs to cut back on the Fancy Feast
Is baby Chococat not Charlie's?
FIND OUT!
Me-EW!
Look at THAT pussy!
Plus!
Her catnip addiction: out of control?
SCANDAL!
Did prenatal drinking cause her son's disturbing deformity?

We recently found this article in an issue of The Gargoyle from 1910 and thought it would be worth republishing. The article details the techniques of a lost art that we're sure is bound to make a comeback.

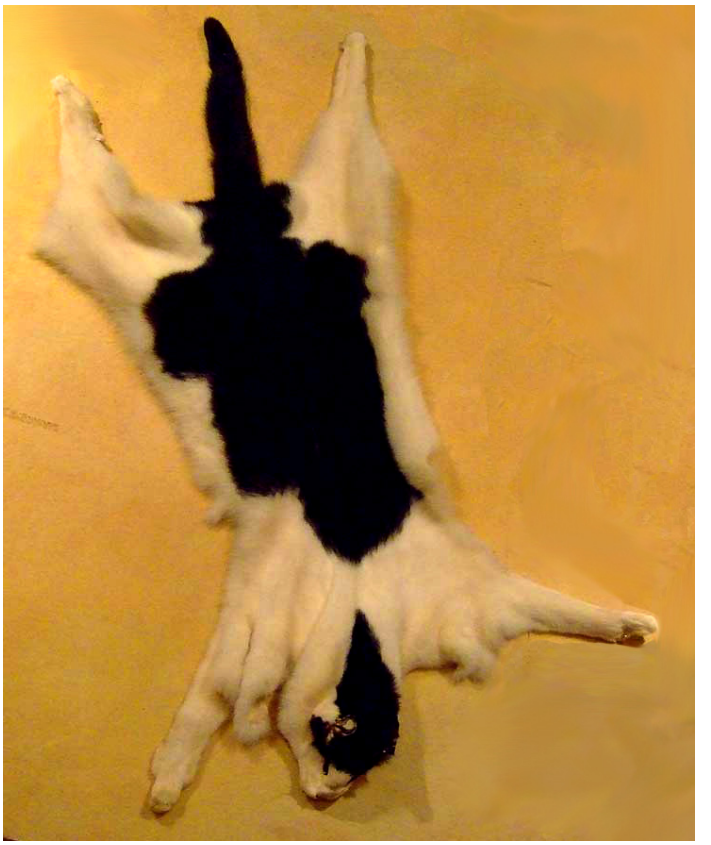
How to Skin A Cat

Have you, good reader, ever been in this situation? You are at a social gathering having a delightful time when someone suddenly asks, "I say, does anyone know how to skin a cat?" and you have no answer to give them. None whatsoever. The shame of it all is enough to make you hide in an attic for the rest of your days. Well good reader, there is no need for that with this simple, step-by-step guide to skinning a cat in the Venksterheimer-Offenbachstein Method.

Step 1: Acquire cat, preferably dead. If still alive, we advise you to read our companion article "How to Acquire a Live Cat and Kill It with Decorum".

Step 2: Upon confirming that the feline is indeed dead, soak it in a brine of equal parts cherry vinegar and water. This will help cleanse the skin and pull it away from the flesh. It also gives the pelt a delicious fragrance. Allow the cat carcass to dry in a warm, airy place, preferably one more public in the house so that even your children can be involved in the process. It is wonderfully educational for them.

Step 3: Place the dried carcass in a dish of some sort, a casserole dish usually works well, with its abdomen facing upwards. The dish will be helpful in collecting the fluid that will come from the cat.



A handsome cat-skin throw rug.

Step 4: Using a forceful blade such as a meat cleaver, cut off the cat's tail. The tail can be used for all sorts of things, from belts to curtain accessories to children's plaything. It is certainly the most versatile part of the cat.

Step 5: Hold the cat vertically so that its bottom is close to the dish. Then, squeeze the cat so that the fluid from it drains into the dish. This part can be slightly messy and tricky, so it is sometimes best to have a lover or casual acquaintance around to help you. If the cat has been brined properly, the fluid should be a rosy hue with the consistency of watery mayonnaise.

Step 6: After removing the dish with the fluids, place the dried cat on a clean surface on its back. Using a well-sharpened, ivory-handled blade, make a long shallow incision down the cat's abdomen from the neck to where the tail once was. It is important that the blade have a handle of the finest ivory for this part of the procedure, though it cannot be explained as to why ivory is so important. It simply is.

Step 7: Peel the skin away from the flesh of the cat. The authentic way to do this involves several complex gadgets and a few flamboyant dance steps, but for the modernist you can simply use your bare hands.

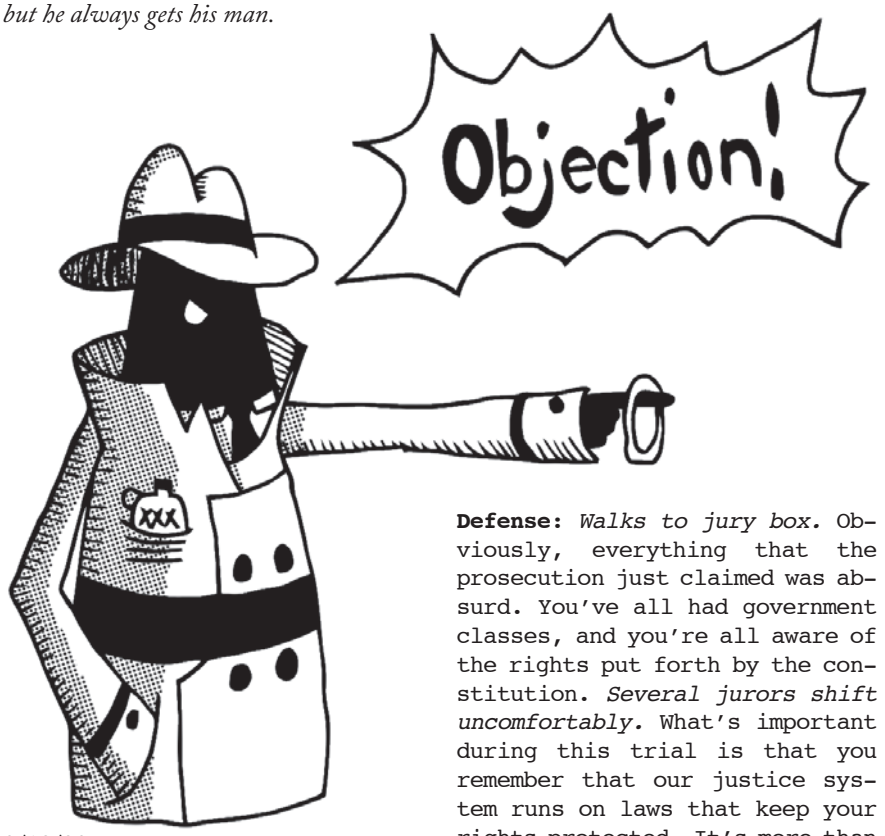
Step 8: Once you have removed all the skin from the body, the arms, and the legs, it is time for the head. This is often said to be the most daunting part of an otherwise relaxing activity, but with our help you will be de-skinning cat heads in no time. Use a heavy item to weigh down the cat's lower half or have the individual who assisted you with Step 5 help once again by firmly grasping the cat's body. Pull the skin off the cat's head using a swift upward motion. This may require several tugs, but eventually it will come off.

You now hold in your hands one skinned cat. Never again will you feel uncomfortable when someone asks you to skin a cat for them, good reader. For what to do with the freshly skinned cat and its skin refer to our upcoming article "You Have Skinned a Cat: Now What?" And remember, the technique described here is just one of many possible approaches to the task. We have but shown you the simplest and most basic method in order to start you on a long and happy journey into the wide world of cat skinning.

Spy at Law

By Peter Eldred

The following are excerpts from a court transcript pertaining to the case of The People vs. Larry Smith. It's of particular note, as it features prosecuting attorney John Miller, better known as Spy at Law, an ex-secret agent turned attorney at law. Miller spent three decades in the business of espionage before leaving the business to obtain his law degree. He received a perfect score on the New York State Bar Exam, presumably through some combination of bribery, thievery, and all-night study sessions. He never wins a case, but he always gets his man.



9/18/99

Judge: Will the prosecution present their opening statement?
Spy at Law (SaL): Of course, your Honor. *Stands and walks to jury box. Takes from his pocket a yellowed, rolled up piece of paper.* Does anyone know what this is? It's a novelty constitution. *Strikes match procured from unknown cavity and proceeds to light paper.* The defense is going to tell you a lot of things during this trial about "due process" and "rights." They'll proclaim Mr. Smith "innocent until proven guilty" and "a citizen that deserves a trial." What the defense won't tell you is that Mr. Smith forfeited all rights somewhere between bludgeoning his wife to death with an alarm clock and the moment I lit this constitution on fire. Don't believe the lies. *Drops still burning constitution to floor.* That will be all, your Honor.
Judge: Defense?
Defense: *Walks to jury box.* Obviously, everything that the prosecution just claimed was absurd. You've all had government classes, and you're all aware of the rights put forth by the constitution. *Several jurors shift uncomfortably.* What's important during this trial is that you remember that our justice system runs on laws that keep your rights protected. It's more than worth noting that every piece of evidence the prosecution is preparing to show you was obtained by highly, though unfortunately improvably, illegal means. The entire investigation carried out against my client has been suspect at best, and a gross violation of every amendment in the Bill of Rights. Don't be fooled by Mr. Miller's charm, slick tricks, or the onion rings he plans to serve you using the small deep fryer he keeps in his shoe.

SaL: *Dipping a ring of onion into a bowl of beer batter.* Objection! Wild Accusation!
Judge: Sustained.
Defense: Just remember that this is a courtroom. Your Honor. *Returns to seat.*

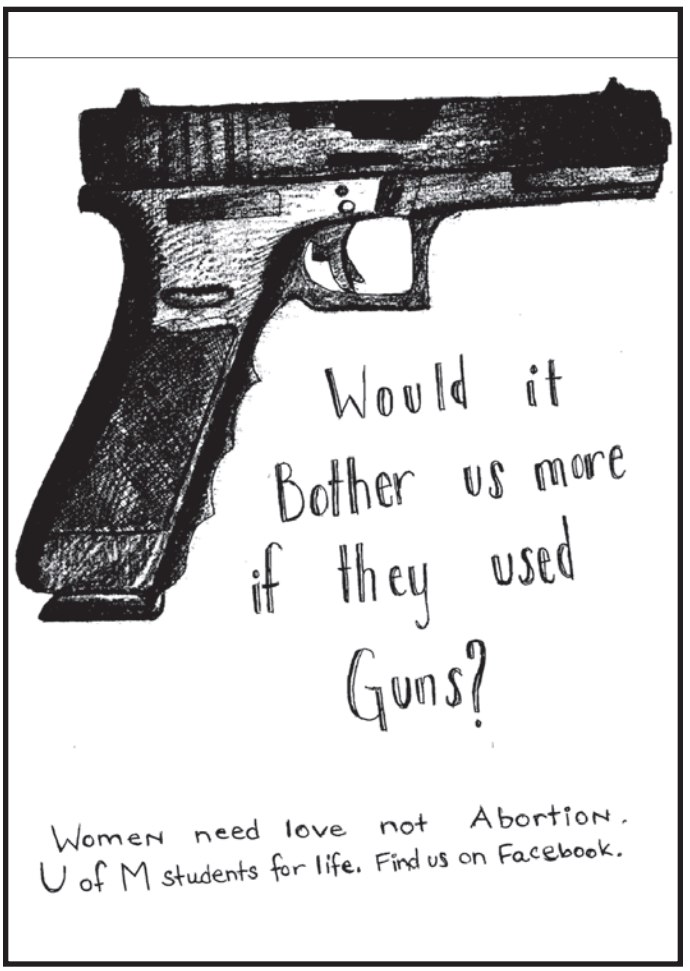
9/21/99

SaL: The prosecution calls Larry Smith to the stand. Mr. Smith, I'd like you to shift your attention to exhibit A, an alarm clock covered with the blood of your wife, Gracie.
Defense: Objection! No police search uncovered such an alarm clock, and if it came from the defendant's house it was almost certainly obtained during a string of fourteen late night burglaries.
Judge: Sustained. The clock is inadmissible.
SaL: Very well. Mr. Smith, direct your gaze to exhibit B, sheets from your bed containing copious amounts of your wife's blood.
Smith: How the hell did you get those while I was sleeping on th—
Defense: Objection, same grounds.
Judge: Sustained. Sheets are out.
SaL: Exhibit C—
Defense: Objection, and to speed things along, I'd like exhibits D, E, and F tossed out as well.
Judge: *Picks up a manila folder, flips through it for 15 seconds, puts it back down.* Done. Exhibits C through F are inadmissible.
SaL: Alright, then I'd like to turn now to exhibit G. Mr. Smith, is this not you at Disneyworld in this photo taken from the Hephaestus Satellite in 1982?
Smith: It could be.
SaL: And are you not, at the time of this photo, exchanging state secrets with a Russian agent?
Defense: Relevance, your Honor?
Judge: Oh, I'm allowing this one. *Rubs hands together excitedly.* Espionage!

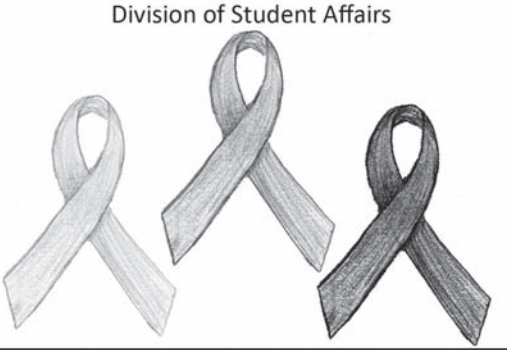
Smith: Of course not.
SaL: So you deny the trade of United States heat ray technology in return for $200,000 and a guaranteed contestant spot on *The Price is Right, Moscow*?
Defense: Again, your Honor, relevance?
Judge: Do you even know what fun is? Answer the question, Mr. Smith.
Smith: This is absurd!
SaL: Is it, Mr. Smith? Then how do we have in our possession this tape, in which you, on May 22nd, 1982, win 12 copies of *The Communist Manifesto* and 17 cases of vodka on *The Price is Right, Moscow*, to be shared equally with the city?
Smith: Well...
SaL: But you didn't share those books or that vodka with the people, did you? You stomped all over the fine, misguided tenets of communism, just like you stomped all over you wife Gracie's beautiful, misguided face, didn't you, Mr. Smith?
Judge: *Claps excitedly.* You're an artist!
Defense: Your Honor, none of this evidence is relevant or can even be used. Any photos from that satellite are highly classified. The government won't even confirm to me that such a satellite exists.
Judge: OOOH! Highly classified? Have you ever watched *Cloak and Dagger*?
Defense: Your Honor...
Judge: No, no, you're correct. This is all enormously inadmissible, though wildly entertaining.
SaL: The prosecution rests.

9/23/99
Judge: Has the jury made their decision?
Head Juror: Yes, your Honor. In the case against Larry Miller, we find the defendant not guilty.
SaL: *Rising.* Your Honor, I request permission to approach the bench.
Judge: Granted. *SaL approaches Judge, producing a card from his pocket. They converse heatedly for several minutes.* Well, it has come to my attention that Mr. Miller of the prosecution possesses, and would like to exercise, a license to kill. However, I will not allow Mr. Miller's original suggestion of death by framing hammer, and would suggest that a more humane method of—
Defense: Objection, Objection, Objection! This isn't lawful and has absolutely no legal precedent. There's no way you can allow this.
Spy at Law checks his watch and Larry Smith slumps over in his chair, dead. SaL casually exits the courtroom.

Judge: *Looks on admiringly, shaking his head.* Gosh, he always does get his man, doesn't he? Court is dismissed. Mr. Smith's family may pick up his remains at the front of the courtroom.



SAPAC
The Sexual Assault Prevention and Awareness Center
24 HOUR CRISIS LINE: 734-936-3333
VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES
www.umich.edu/~sapac
Division of Student Affairs



The Island of Haterism

By Rubin Quarcoopome

Ch. 1: Enter, Semendous

Little Celia Jackson awoke, her scrawny frame nestled against a rock with a hard face. With an unpleasant amount of grunts, she managed to free herself from that odd position and look at her surroundings. She was on a large beach stretching lazily in either direction. With the exception of a few rocks here and there, and several rather disappointingly bland sea shells, nothing really captured her attention. Nothing, that is, except for the rather formal-looking monkey standing a few yards away, glaring at her as he adjusted the lapel of his tailored business suit. Celia was intrigued, and for a moment, a bit unsure if it would be too rude to approach the primate without an invitation.

"Hey, fatty! Get over here!" exclaimed the monkey irritably.

Not being one to refuse a polite request, Celia quickly stood up and ran over to where the monkey stood.

"Hello, Mr. Monkey, sir. My name's Celia, what is this—"

"Oh, do be quiet…you dirty, dirty girl."

"But—"

"You've a lot of that, yes."

Celia was beginning to get annoyed.

"What I meant to say was, I'm really not dirty at all. My mother says—"

"Your mother says a great deal of things, I would know. I've fondled her cupcakes on many an occasion."

"Well, you're not a very nice monkey at all, are you? You're really just a dirty little flatulent stain!"

"Now you're getting it! Welcome to the Island of Haterism…with your tacky self. My name is the Tremendous Harry Semendous, the 'Bougie Bonobo.' I spotted you from a distance and was amazed something so horribly dressed existed. Would you like a tour?"

"I suppose so…wait, will you be giving it?"

"Why, yes I will! Do try to keep up."

Without another word, the monkey spun around and strolled away from the beach towards the thick of trees beyond it. Celia followed.

Editor's Note: I'm sad to say that the next several chapters of this tale, the final one excluded, have been lost in a fire started by some ill-tempered minority. That sadly means classics like "Chapter 6: Those Can't Be Real!," "Chapter 19: I Didn't Know She Was Your Sister," "Chapter 21: You Scare Me When you Drink," "Chapter 50: Celia Becomes a Scientologist," and "Chapter 51: Celia is Kicked Out of Scientology" have been lost to history.

You see, my readers, I am an alcoholic. In fact, I'm sitting in a very comfortable chair right this moment sipping brandy from a bowler hat, muttering to myself and caring very little for young Celia Jackson. I'm horny…terribly so…so very horny. When that happens, I tend to either burn articles of writing or write more, to burn later. Fortunately for you, I'm far too drunk to work the lighter beside me, but not enough to write more. And so, without further ado, I present the final chapter.

Chapter 69: You Should Be Ashamed You're Still Reading This

The time had come to defeat the villainously good-natured Mordecai Sampson, still wearing his fast food restaurant uniform. Celia had learned so very much from her stay on the Island of Haterism. Guided by her mean-spirited new friends, she'd become very cynical, quick-witted, and even a bit taller. She massaged her temples and looked at her companions, for what might have been the last time.

There was Chode Chang, the charmingly acerbic Asian elf with a talent for seeing the worst in people unmatched by anyone else. Chode stood erect next to Pimp Ship, a comically miniature fast-talking German battleship trying to grow up to be big and strong like his father, as well as get some money out of his Ho-Marine fleet. He would die of ship-rot many years later. Semendous was there, of course, still missing his tail and dignity from their adventure in the men's restroom. Hovering above them was the essential Crabs the Bat, constantly flapping and excreting pearls of wisdom. Celia smiled, a bit happy to see the assholes she considered sort-of friends not pussying out and running away.

"I hate you all, very dearly."

Celia turned away from them. This fight was personal, mano-a-mano. She walked over to the group's backpack and removed her Gauntlets of Pettiness (+25 to HP), her Cone-Bra of Seduction (+50 to Defense), her Dominatrix Licorice Whip (+69 to Attack), and her Segway of General Douchebaggery (+1337 to Luck). Celia was ready ready to finally defeat Mordecai.

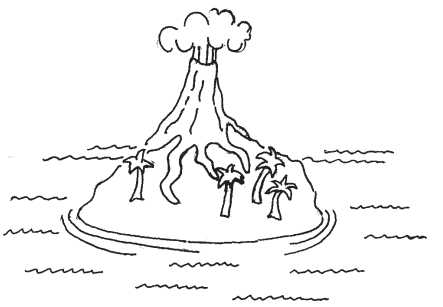
She lunged at him and struck out with her whip, seeing a peculiar pop-up nearby which read, "120 damage!" Celia then felt compelled to leap back to where she stood before she lunged and wait patiently for Mordecai to retaliate. Mordecai used his "Please, Don't Hurt Me Anymore!" grovel attack, but, sadly, for him, missed. He should have leveled his accuracy.

"You should have improved your accuracy, Mordecai! You aim like a bitch!"

With that insult still hanging in the air, Celia struck again and reduced Mordecai's hit points to zero. The final boss staggered back and disappeared in a puff of purple smoke, leaving a treasure chest in his wake and about 250,000 experience points, all of which Celia relished immensely.

"Hey, I leveled up! And this treasure chest has a ten dollar coupon to Denny's! Neat."

And there she stood, victorious, and truly the ultimate hater, Little Celia Jackson. She was a level 100 Douchebag, unmatched by anyone, and the new master of the Island of Haterism.



The Perfect Girlfriend

By Jordan Birnholtz

She and I had been studying together for Anatomy. Every night. It would be Anatomy, of course. And gosh, could I feel the chemistry!

It wasn't every day I stumbled across a brilliant, gorgeous, funny ballerina to study with. She even looked hot with her hair pulled tight like the tip of a Kosher salami. So when she said she wanted to get together, I couldn't resist but ask: "Are you Jewish?"

And oy gevault, was she. I mean, she said she was only half, but I said that these days, everyone was a Jew-by-choice, so that was okay with me. How couldn't it be? Her skin was the luscious byproduct of Sephardic and West Indian heritage, and I loved every rich inch of it. Jesus Christ, she was hot!

And in time, we came to tackle not only Anatomy, but labor economics. She even tolerated my budding interest in Lacan and postmodern literary criticism. Truly, this was the promised land!

We bonded over Internet memes, like lolcats and that guy who plays the keyboards and sings. One night, we were talking about the federal deficit, and I muttered, "It's over 9000!" I froze, fearing the awkward silence that inevitably followed this cry of pop-cultural self-indulgence. But she smiled, and responded, "I remember that episode of *Dragon Ball Z* too!" That was enough to get me randy; I trembled, blood rushing to my Temple Mount. So embarrassing!

But alas, all good things, like Adam Sandler's career, must come to an end. In retrospect, I'm glad she didn't drag it out. I mean other than *Zohan*, what have you seen of his in the past decade? Reruns of *Billy Madison* on cable don't count!

She called me over to the UGLi one night. We sat beside one another in the basement, in the throes of one another's intellect, teetering on the precipice of animal passions. She said, "Jacob, I have something to tell you. I hope you don't think it's awkward."

I smiled. "No," I whispered, "nothing of the sort. You're never awkward. Me, maybe." I giggled like a schoolgirl.

She laughed. "You're so funny. I love that. And so passionate about stuff, too." Yes, I was passionate – for her. Folding her perfectly organized Trapper-Keeper, she said, "I want you to meet my boyfriend, Jimmy. I was telling him how much you remind me of him. I hope you don't think that's weird! He's right over there."

So insipid was his name to my ears. I grinned through the anguish, mustering only this: "Not at all! I'd love to." Her delicate phalange pointed to the CAEN computer bank. Oh god, I thought, she thinks I'm an engineer. I cringed.

She took me over, lock-armed, to visit what I expect to be my hygenically-challenged tormentor. And there he sat, large Japanese headphones draped around his pencil neck. But alas, he was no pencil neck at all!

What can I say, he was beautiful. A Teutonic god, capable of clearing traffic in the Diamond District with a simple gaze. His hair was blonde, and he stood a virtual furlong in height. He must have weighed at least 12 stone.

She said, "Jimmy's a nuclear engineer, you know."

I felt my dill pickle wither on the plate of an existential delicatessen. Our love was not meant to be.

I know that I must accept this. But that chemistry I felt was as real as the ionic bonds that would soon seal my tears against my face. And I know she felt it too. She loved me like an ex-Nazi loves Argentina.

Don't cry for me, Shoshanna.

That's what bitter herbs are for.

KING COTTON
COOKED SALAMI
MADE WITH CHICKEN, BEEF AND PORK
INGREDIENTS: MECHANICALLY SEPARATED CHICKEN, BEEF HEARTS, PORK, WATER, MODIFIED FOOD STARCH, SALT, DEXTROSE, CONTAINS LESS THAN 2% OF: POTASSIUM LACTATE, FLAVORINGS, SODIUM PHOSPHATES, SODIUM DIACETATE, SODIUM ERYTHORBATE, SODIUM CITRATE, SODIUM NITRITE.
Nutrition Facts
Serving Size 2 oz (56g)
Servings Per Container varied
Amount Per Serving
Calories 120 Calories from Fat 80
% Daily Value*
Total Fat 9g 14%
Saturated Fat 3g 14%
Trans Fat 0g
Cholesterol 50mg 17%
Sodium 640mg 27%
Total Carbohydrate 3g 1%
Dietary Fiber 0g 0%
Sugars 1g
Protein 7g
Vitamin A 2% • Vitamin C 2%
Calcium 4% • Iron 6%
* Percent Daily Values are based on a 2,000 calorie diet.
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Ann Arbor: Tales from the Streets

By Jacob Rosen

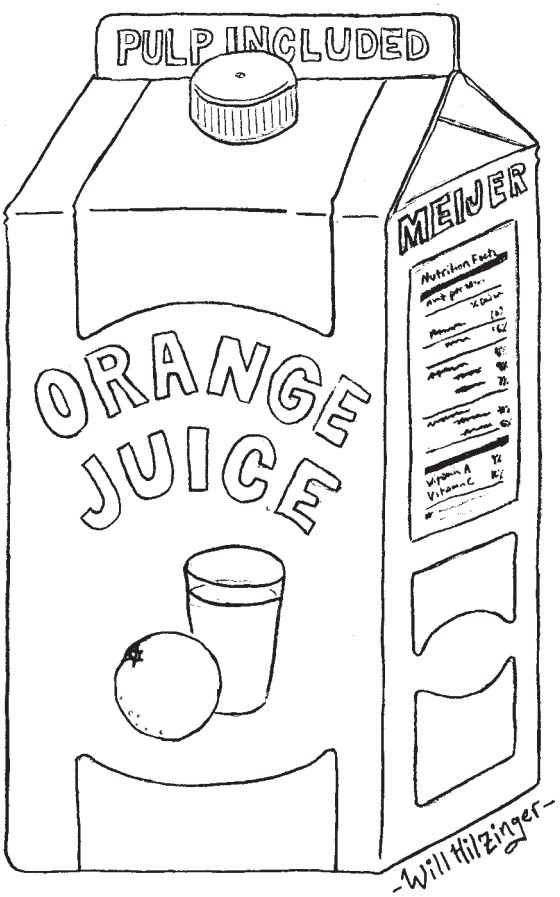
I awake in a cold sweat to the sound of police sirens speeding by my window, assuming the worst. Last week Callie's Northface got stolen at the UGLi, and the week before that, Josh was approached by a homeless person for change. I can't even imagine what's next, or maybe I just don't want to. The clock reads 9:58, but the thoughts racing through my head won't allow slumber to take hold, so I roll out of bed into the kitchen.

The fridge creaks when it opens, but after a year and a half of this shit I've come to just ignore it. I reach for the orange juice, Meijer brand. That's all we can afford; times are hard. Before I can even screw off the cap I notice that the label reads "Pulp included." Maybe it's the police sirens, maybe the two minutes of sleep lost in thought over another cop pegging a student for jaywalking, or maybe it's just that I really, really don't like pulp, but I broke into tears.

Sometimes I think about those lucky bastards who don't have to deal with this shit. They wake up every morning with a tall glass of pulp-free orange juice and go about their daily lives, never once thinking about people like us. It disgusts me, but in the end I know that this is just the way things are.

I have to be strong. Otherwise I'm not going to make it through the semester. I clean myself up and grab my backpack. The right strap is ripped, because that's the side I always pick it up on. It's going to break any day now, then my papers will crumple. It really bothers me when that happens. Just thinking about the wrinkled notebooks almost sends me back into hysteria, but I catch myself.

State Street is like a goddamn war zone. You never know what's going to happen. The grinding of my teeth sounds like a cement mixer, and every tire screech, every footstep causes me to jerk around with my keys outstretched, just like they taught me in self-defense class. A block away, I spot a balled-up newspaper blowing across the pavement. I increase my pace. That garbage has been on the ground. It's filthy, and I'll be damned if I let it touch my shoes.



Ann Arbor has taken a lot from me, but it can never take my sense of decency.

I know that I'm a stronger person for it. The mindless sheep who don't have to deal with this kind of shit may be happier now, but in the long run they'll fall. They're weak. And I will prevail. I will prev—

"Any spare change?" I freeze in horror and drop the keys as my body turns to Jell-O. I've heard about this kind of thing happening but I never thought it would happen to me. I'm one of the good ones.

The man smells as though he hasn't showered in over two days. He has on a brand of coat that I don't even recognize. And to top it all of he's bla—I mean African-American. I have bl—African-American friends, but these people are different. I'm hyperventilating, I think I'm going into shock. After this happened to Josh he wouldn't leave his room for days. Oh God, what if he touches me?

"You all right there, chief?" He's coming towards me. Jesus Christ he's coming towards me. Finally, my primal instincts kick in. It's fight or flight at this point.

"I SAID NO! AHHHHHHHHHH!!" I drop my backpack, leave my keys and sprint as fast as I can towards the nearest Starbucks.

"HELP! HELP!! SANCTUARY!!" I keep screaming and screaming until my throat bleeds. Then I see it, the green and white doors of safety and comfort. I rip the doors open and collapse on the ground.

"We got another one, Carol." The man behind the counter yells to the manager. She rushes over with a venti Pumpkin Spice latte, exactly what I always used to order before the goddamn gift card that I got for Hannukah ran out. I sip the hot elixir, letting its healing powers flow throughout my withered body.

"The horror." The words pour out of my mouth. "The horror."

After being escorted home by the police, I curl up in the fire blanket I insisted the firemen give to me. My iPod and cell phone were in that backpack, my life. At least I made it back alive. Safe for one more day. But that's how we live in the city. Day to day.

The Continuing Adventures of Sickly Peter

Part Four: In Which Sickly Peter Escapes (1 of 2)

For part two of this comic, check out our website at *Garg*mag.com...

St. Vincent

Paint the Black Holes Blacker

By Simin Manole and Matthew Mejia

If you've walked past a record store in the past year you've seen her face. Sporting a pixie with dark curls against a red background, her album "Actor" blindsides you. Stage name St. Vincent, Annie Clark has released two albums in the past three years. Gaining recent popularity in the indie community, she has worked in the past with The Polyphonic Spree as well as Sufjan Stevens.

We made the perilous drive to Pontiac while Simin attempted to contact the stage manager. After getting lost in downtown and debating the usefulness of one-way streets, we found a parking spot with the smallest chance of a stabbing occurring. We wandered into The Pike Room and were shown around the basement, where we quickly got lost. After being led back out and up the stairs we stood awkwardly behind the stage manager for 20 minutes before we decided to butt in.

Back in the basement, we tried to calm our nerves in a dressing room. Annie Clark snuck up on us, wearing a grey shawl, and a black poncho with black tights. We shook her hand and introduced ourselves, trying not to be star-struck. Simin handed her our two most recent issues, trying his best to sum up the Gargoyle. She seated herself in a baby-blue vinyl, brass buttoned chair opposite us. Matthew mentioned we had never done an interview before. We all laughed, awkwardly, and let that set the tone for next half-hour.

SM: Do you remember your first interview?

AC: I think it was with a blog pretty early on, like 2005, 2006. I remember one of the questions they asked was like, "Do you like vikings or ninjas better?" I was like, "You definitely work for a blog, don't you?" I think my answer might have been vikings at the time, but now it's definitely ninjas. Ninjas are really cool.

"'Indie' doesn't necessarily refer to what you're going to hear."

MM: What music has influenced you over the years, what you listen to now, and how it's changed over the years?

AC: I mean, I don't know. It's phased in and out of a lot of different things. I mean right now, what have I been listening to in the van, maybe I like can narrow the question down a little bit. I like the new Washed Out EP. Er, not new, it's the only Washed Out EP that I've heard. It's like the music is just how you want to feel some of the time, like Ambien, you know what I mean, or Klonopin. Not that I know necessarily what these are like, but what I imagine prescription drugs to be like. Just mellow, just like super mellow. I don't know, I was like listening to the Cinderella Broadway score in the van too and that was really good. And I mean a lot of Steely Dan, because I've always loved Steely Dan.

SM: Nowadays, lots of music just gets generally clumped together in genres. For example, the category indie music is very vague, and terrible for describing any of the music in there. What do you think about music that gets labeled indie?

AC: I guess things that get typically labeled indie, it's not so much a comment on the content of the music as much it's sort of a comment on the label. Of course we associate that with certain things, like DIY. Indie doesn't necessar-

ily refer to what you're going to hear.

MM: How would you describe indie music?

AC: I'd try not to. I would really rather not.

SM: So then would you like to describe your newest album, *Actor*?

AC: I don't know if I could, I'm a little too close to it to sort of qualify it exactly. But I can let you know a little bit about what was behind it. It was just that I was watching a lot of Disney films, in an unironic way. Of course, when you sort of revisit them after you've watched them when you were six or seven, you're going to go "Oh woah, this is really dark, or really a kind of messed-up message to send to kids." But I really liked the scores, particularly from the Disney films of the 1940's, the Golden Age of Hollywood, so I wanted to combine that with, I don't know, these little themes. I was also watching *The Wizard of Oz*, and Woody Allen movies, and just a bunch of films and trying to kind of re-imagine the scores to them, what they would sound like if I could redo the scores.

SM: When you were scoring scenes, did you have certain parts that you liked and you tried to build the sound around or did you just have a large idea of a sound and then kept trying to refine it?

AC: It was more about kind of using the film for inspiration, even just color-palette-wise, like "Okay, this is in Technicolor, how could I make up something that sounds like Technicolor?" So it wasn't so directly like, "Okay, this is what's happening in this scene, let me try to totally re-orchestrate it." It was a little bit more impressionistic then it was literal.

SM: You scored your album in your apartment on your computer, in GarageBand, which is pretty interesting.

AC: Well, I couldn't make noise in my apartment. I just moved out to New York and the walls there are paper-thin. I live in Manhattan now, but I was living in Brooklyn at the time. The key thing I think was that it took me away from my motor skills, which can be prohibitive, and allowed me to just kind of make music out of what my ears, my brain, wanted to hear, instead of what I was physically capable of doing.

MM: When was the first time you played it, then?

AC: When I was recording. I re-recorded, you know, all of it, but it was pretty much mapped out before I went in to record.

MM: Your first major tour as a solo artist was with Sufjan Stevens. I don't know if you know, but he's from Michigan.

AC: No I do, actually most of what I know about Michigan is from Sufjan's songs! Seriously, like, "Saginaw, Saginaw, duh duh duh, Windsor Park, Windsor Park." And then you're like "Oh!"

"I was watching a lot of Disney films, in an unironic way."

SM: Even before you were touring with Sufjan, you were touring with Polyphonic Spree, which was a very big conglomerate type band, and then you tapered off into your solo career. So what led you to leave Polyphonic?

AC: Well that's not exactly how it all happened. I was actually there working. I mean, since I've been playing music and all, I've been writing. I've wanted to be a songwriter and make my own music, and have been making my own music for...a lot of years, yikes. So anyways, I was working on the record that was to become "Marry Me" when I joined Polyphonic Spree.

And I think when I was even still in Poly Spree, yeah I was still in the Spree and Sufjan heard the "Marry Me" record, which hadn't been released, it was just making the rounds, and he liked it. He needed to replace Shara Worden, who's wonderful and now lives in Detroit, because she was going to be going on tour with her own project, so he asked me to open for him and play in his band. So I did that in Europe, and while I was over in Europe, opening for him, I got signed to 4AD, or Beggar's Banquet. So it all kind of happened symbiotically, it wasn't like "Oh, I just play in a band and decided to do my own thing one day."

MM: Even before Polyphonic Spree, you went to Berkeley and then dropped out and moved to New York. So for our college audience, what was going through your mind when you decided to do that?

AC: I'm sure you guys obviously have an art program at your school and are involved in it, but when you just go to an art school it's a really interesting dynamic because art, you know, is very projective and intuitive, but there has to be a curriculum. There has to be a set of things, quantifiable things, and I think that I've never been that good at learning the quantifiable things. They don't stick in my brain so much as the intuitive aspects. I mean, that's not to say I didn't learn anything, but I went in as a guitar player and they had these guitar proficiencies. Nine is the best and one is the worst, and you know you shouldn't even be there if you're scoring ones, and I got twos. That was like when I first got in and I retested like two or three years later and I got twos. I was like "Aaah!"

SM: So really they weren't reflecting your musical talent, it's like your efficiency or something.

AC: Not to say there aren't good things to be learned. I think knowing a lot about what you're doing is very powerful and you can use that. But also I think there tends to be, in situations

like that, a push towards the athleticism of it, which I enjoy, but I've always been more interested in the creative aspect. I think a lot of people say "Okay, I'm going to be the best athlete I can be." Because that's the quantifiable goal, and "If I do that, then dot dot dot I'll walk out of this school and I'll have a job because people will want my all skills," when you know in fact a lot of the time it's not really about your athletic abilities, it's about whether you can invent a new sport. So that's not to totally talk bad about art schools. I think you have to learn a lot of what you learned in art school. You know, only take what's sort of useful to you in helping you be your most creative person.

MM: OK so, this is a different note, your La Blogothèque video was amazing.

AC: La Blogothèque is a French blog founded by Parisian independent filmmaker, Vincent Moon, in 2006. Publishing improv sessions called "Take-Away Shows." Over one-hundred artists have been featured so far. If you haven't visited the site yet, you don't know what you're missing.

MM: I was wondering what's the behind the scenes on that. How does that come together?

AC: Well, it sort of comes together exactly how you see it on the video, of course, but it's Vincent Moon, and it's Chryde, and also this girl Nora, but I think she moved to Montréal, and they're all very amazing people. They just seem energetic and French and passionate, so they can figure and do things you wouldn't normally do.

MM: Something like singing "Paris Is Burning" in Paris?

AC: In Paris! I don't think very many people really got it. When it comes back through the lens and you see it later, they really captured the magic of the spontaneity.

MM: I saw your "Soirée de Poche" with Andrew Bird—you toured with him later—and I actually saw you guys in Kalamazoo. How was touring with him, and did he ever propose to you? Because you two are amazing together.

AC: He's so good, I love Andrew Bird. Such a great guy, just one of the best people. Doing that La Blogothèque party was sort of a funny coincidence since we were both in Paris at the same time. We met before, oddly enough, in Australia, never in the States. I'd run into him, "Oh, we're checking into the same hotel, in Brisbane, Australia," like "Cool, hey Andrew." We just ended up being in Paris at the same time. I had actually played a show that night as part of a festival that was going on in Paris, and so we had to pack up and throw our things into the van, and run over to the La Blogothèque party and it was just so hectic. We didn't rehearse, we didn't do anything, we just kind of went for it and it was really fun. There were lots of cute French people sitting on the floor and drinking wine and I thought, "This is pretty cool that I get to do this for a living." It was a really special night.

"I'm going to encourage all your readers to rent *Caligula*."

SM: So it was a very intimate setting, it was very small and very beautiful, but when you go on tour you go to very different venues, some places smaller, some places much bigger.

MM: Like, the Kalamazoo show as opposed to La Blogothèque, you know a little venue like that.

AC: Oh right, I know what you mean. The Kalamazoo one, that's the one that looks like *Caligula*. Have you seen *Caligula*?

SM: No, which *Caligula*?

AC: *Caligula*, like the Peter O'Toole *Caligula*. You haven't seen it? I'm going to encourage all your readers to rent *Caligula*. It's horrifying and awesome.

Caligula *is a 1979 film directed by Tinto Brass, and was financed by Penthouse magazine. It is considered the first major motion picture to star A-list actors, such as Peter O'Toole, and contain hardcore sex scenes. Please note that many Gargoyle staffers have seen it, and agree that it is a landmark work of cinema which everyone should see.*

SM: So my last question would be what can we expect from you in this upcoming year?

AC: I don't know, oh my god. So much pressure.

SM: Touring, and then…

MM: You have a lot of festivals this year.

AC: Yeah right, some are festivals, Asia and New Zealand in March, and then I don't even know after that. Maybe another record, I guess. I hope so.

SM: Well, thank you for this, and I hope it wasn't too awkward.

AC: No, no, awkward is good.

Having made fools of ourselves, we waved Annie goodbye and gathered our things. After five hours of waiting in a nearby diner, poking our food, we went to the show. After a stellar opening by Wildbirds & Peacedrums, St. Vincent walked on to the stage amidst cat calls, cheering, and marriage proposals. She wore a black dress with spirals coming off the shoulders, standing there like a china doll. Then the drums kicked in, her face was bathed in red light, and she thrashed the hell out of her guitar. Annie Clark is a force to be reckoned with and we can expect great things from her in the future.

To read more of this interview, hit us up at www.garmag.com!

And So, To Rise Higher,

Cathy Fisher, Editor-in-Chief

I almost think of my four years at college as being more so four years in the Gargoyle. To be honest, I think I might have spent more time in our office than at class over the years. Maybe significantly more time.

I made all my close friends through the Garg. You're my deranged little social circle. I've laughed at the Garg, fretted over it, slaved away at it, and at times hated it. Leaving it is leaving a little bit of me behind, four of what will probably turn out to be the best years of my life.

Keep going strong, Gargs. Keep being hilarious. Keep questioning and ridiculing. Keep being nice to the E3W no matter how nasty they are to us. I love you all. Please don't call, though.

Danielle Woerdeman, Writer

Question from the Staff: Where did the Gargoyle touch you?

I think the more important question is: "What did the Gargoyle give me?"

Now, it is unfortunate that the Gargoyle gave me so many STDs (17)—that's something I have to live with now (several things, actually)—but in all honestly, it also gave me some great friends. You guys are awesome, and the main reason I will spend next year happily offending the pants off the Africans, instead of productively volunteering.

Just kidding. Africans can't afford pants.

Eileen Stahl, Artist

Erin Kennedy, Copy Editor

We Cast Off Dead Weight

Zack Beauvais, Lead Writer

At our mass meeting my sophomore year, when I was one of only a handful of returning staff members, I told the new recruits that "…above all, Gargoyle will help you better understand what humor is." I was full of shit then and, if anything, am more so now. In truth, humor cannot be defined, at least not easily. It is some bizarre amalgamation of sarcasm, absurdity, dirty words, and surprise endings. Why can I just stand in my kitchen with three or four other Garg staffers, leaving each other laughing like animals, by just going back and forth in funny voices creating wild mythologies of rapists with physical deformities or larger-than-life men you meet on Carnival cruises or in the Omaha, NE airport? Why in the world is this funny? Are we all that far removed from normal society that we can laugh about anything from abortion to wrongfully imprisoned terrorists and feel absolutely no shame? Whatever the answer is, that is what I have become by being a part of Gargoyle.

My productivity for the magazine, measured in words, peaked during my sophomore year. For that I am ashamed and regretful. I let school get in the way of my creative endeavors and let a failed stint in the role of Business Manager get in the way of my writing requirements. I will never have the opportunity to publish (in print—the way stories were meant to be read) as freely as I did at Gargoyle. This may be my last chance to have the word "fuck" printed and freely distributed to five thousand of the eagerest readers of any age. Fuck, buns, twat, shaft, hymen, bitch, fisting, moist. After four years of fallen aspirations as a writer, that is what I need to leave my readers with.

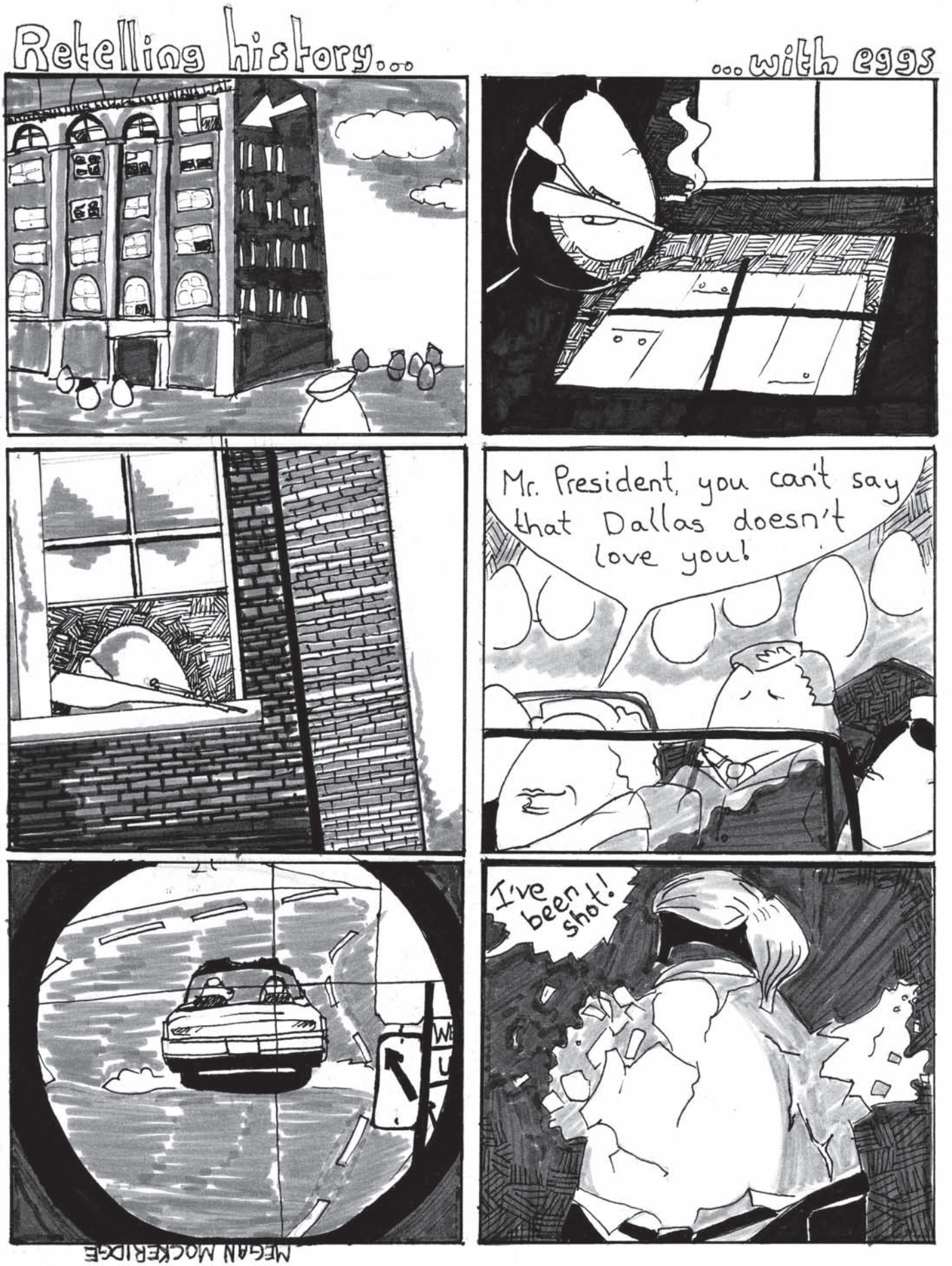
Katie Hendricks, Liaison to University

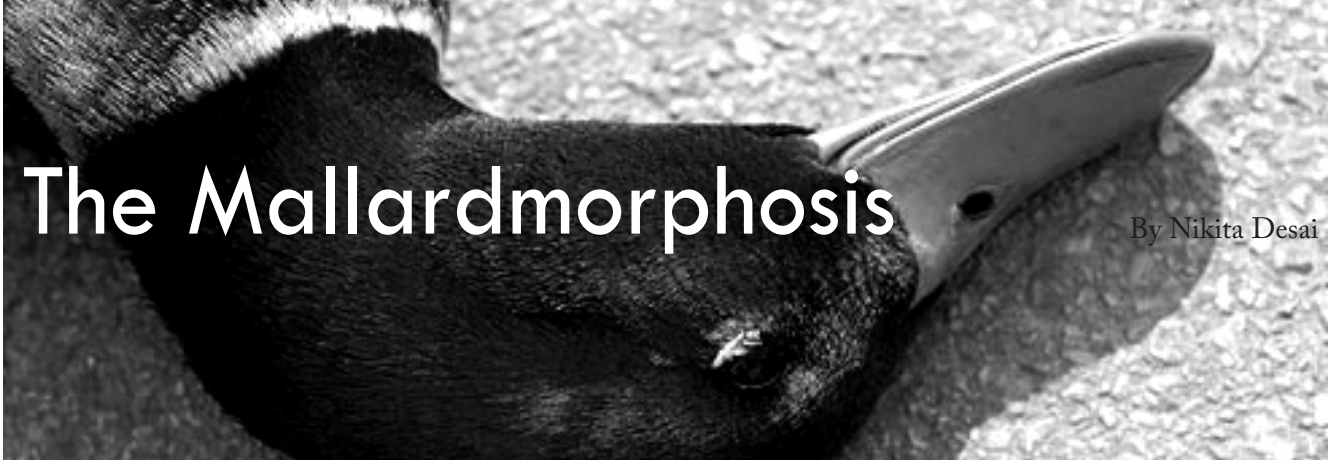
Gail McCormick, Writer

It seems so long since we innocently wandered into the Garg office for our first meeting three years ago and unwittingly doubled the female membership. Since then, we have seen the Garg grow from an intimate group to a blossoming staff with many more girls behind us, sassing the university and bringing the pretty. From bringing readers soft-core romance, to whoring in GargReels, to offering feminist critiques of magazine articles, we have had an incredible, if incredulous, time.

Gail has greatly appreciated the Garg's support of her role as in-house thespian and the staff's continued attendance at shows, whether she's backstage or pretending to be a sassy Latina. Katie has deeply enjoyed her role as the de facto Gargoyle secretary, and is pleased to have learned just how sexy the phrase "file this in triplicate" can really be.

As we leave, we just want you all to know: to us, you're not tissues, but rather handkerchiefs. Permanent. Reusable.


Retelling history...
...with eggs
Mr. President, you can't say that Dallas doesn't love you!
I've been shot!
MEGAN MCKERLICE



The Mallardmorphosis

By Nikita Desai

I. Henry J. Wheelbarrow III woke up with the realization that this morning, of all possible mornings, he was a duck. As Henry lay in bed, his first thoughts were "Why am I wet?" and "I like cheese and crackers," the latter being a complete and utter lie. What was more troublesome at the moment, however, was getting to work. As Henry lay in bed musing on what tie to wear, he heard a knock on the door.

"Henry J. dear, are you up? It's your mother, father, and sister. We're all worried about you. And we're standing outside your door. Together."

"I'm trying to get out of bed!" Henry J. desperately yelled. It was all in quacks.

"We have someone here from work, Henry." His mother said, "It's Jimbles. He's going to help you through this. Go on, Jimbles."

"Henry, don't be a filthy idiot." Jimbles said. "We've got clams to feed. Stop wallowing in there and come on!"

With much difficulty, Henry J. rolled himself to the door and using his bill, he finally unlocked the door. Henry's mother pushed open the door.

"Where is he…" Jimbles started to say until he saw Henry. "What the fuck is that?!" he said as he pointed in fear.

Henry's mother and sister screamed. "Good God, it's hideous! Where are you, Henry J.?!" Henry's father bawled.

"Father," Henry's sister quietly stated, "I think that might be Henry J."

At this mention of his name, Henry J. (who had previously been staring blankly at his family and friend) began quacking in excitement. This scared his family and Jimbles even more, leading to Jimbles wetting himself and frantically running out of the house. Henry's family looked at Henry. They looked at each other. They looked at their shoes. The realization dawned on them that yes, their beloved Henry J. was now a huge, disgusting duck. And they also realized that no one else could ever know.

II. Several months passed. Henry's family had decided to clean out his room, leaving nothing but an armoire and Henry's beloved Keanu Reeves pin-up collage. Henry J. was free to waddle around as he pleased and admire the classically handsome features of America's greatest actor. Sometimes, Henry would use his webbed feet to climb up the walls of his room and hang from the ceiling. He liked seeing the world upside down. Things made sense from that angle and Keanu became more handsome, if that was even possible.

However, one evening, Henry J. made a mistake. As his mother and sister were doing their routine cleaning of dust and water beetle scraps, Henry quacked a questioning but friendly quack. Henry's mother and sister looked up in shock and fright. Upon seeing Henry J. hanging from the ceiling, his mother began screaming and weeping hysterically as she curled up into a fetal position on the floor. Henry J. quacked once sadly before waddling down the wall and under the armoire to cry duck tears alone while his sister led his silent and petrified mother out of the room. They left behind their cleaning equipment, and from that day on, no one ever entered Henry J's room again.

III. Several more months passed. Henry J.'s family became more and more frustrated with him and his mallardy inconveniences. Finally, Henry's father reached his boiling point. He began throwing whole pineapples at Henry. All Henry could do was waddle away as fast as possible, but not before one pineapple hit him in the back and stuck there. Henry sadly crept back into his room, wounded, as Henry's family tried to decide what to do with Henry J.

They did not need to do anything with him. The wound in Henry's back from the pineapple became infected and caused Henry J. to become slower and weaker. Finally, hearing no quacking from the room for a week, Henry's family opened the door to find Henry J. Wheelbarrow III dead on the floor, his unseeing eyes staring directly at the poster of Keanu Reeves in Point Break. After disposing of the body, Henry's family felt lightened and happy for the first time since Henry had become a duck. As they merrily pranced down a convenient garden path, they realized that the future was bright and all was well.

Author's Note: Many people (I'm talking about you, Rodrigo) have sent me letters saying that this is actually a poor copy of "The Metamorphosis" by Franz Kafka. To those people I say, Kafka didn't have pineapples. And we all know what pineapples mean. Therein lies the difference.

Treasure Map!
Doodle Cave
Temple of Many Tongues
Dance Hall
Open Air Bazaar
Danger Zone
Hall of Angels
President's Residence
Castle
Hogwarts
N
W
E
S
1 jaunt
Kinda far